BROADWAY BEAUTIES

A CHICKERING PHOTOGRAPH

MARIE GEORGE

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BROADWAY BEAUTIES

A. CHICKERING PHOTOGRAPH

MABEL BELTON

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SUSAN BROWN

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BROADWAY BEAUTIES

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LILLIAN RUSSELL IN "LA BELLE HÉLÈNE"

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BROADWAY BEAUTIES

A. SARONY PHOTOGRAPH

MAY BELLE

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AN EDDOWES PHOTOGRAPH

GRACE FREEMAN

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SALLY RANDALL

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JOBYNA HOWLAND

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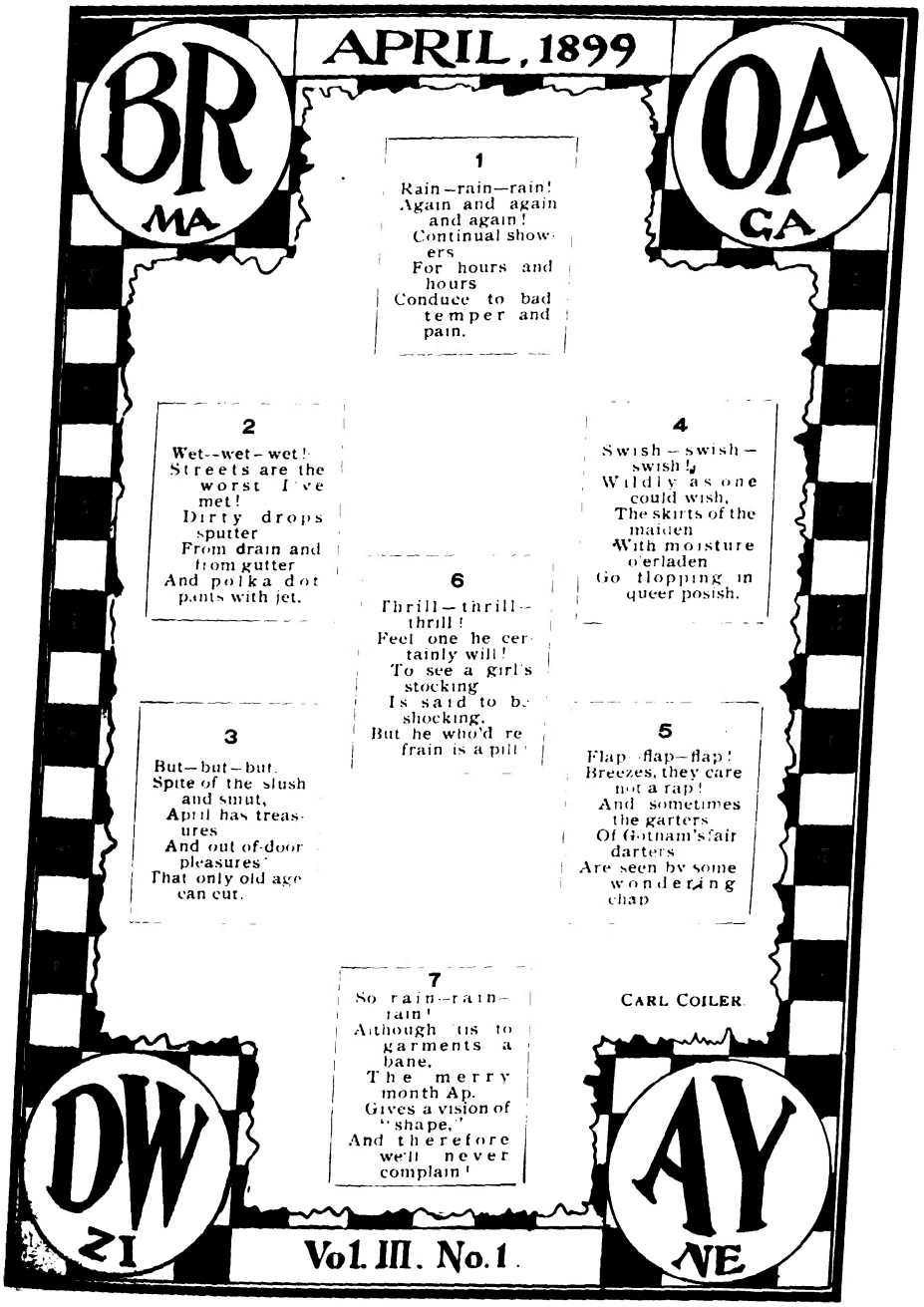

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A FEW GOOD THINGS.

SAVED!

THE young fiancé was sad.

He had spent a sleepless night. True, he had been accepted by the loveliest maiden of all the Murray Hill smart set—a stunning heiress from Denver with a coyote's impressionable nature on a dark night, and a jackal's insistence of grip when she got hold of a good thing—or several of them.

The night before they had been sleighing in the park, watching the moonbeams play solitaire on the snowbanks. The memory of that delicious hour was inexpressibly sweet. And yet, there was a terrific struggle going on in the youthful mind. Was he doubtful of the charmer's affections? Nay, nay. Was he fearful of the possible consequences of his vows of eternal fidelity and faith, devotion and love? Nay, once more. But he was miserable for all that. There was a great quandary in his mind. That night he should seek relief, once and for all.

In the rear drawing-room they sat side by side on the divan. "Darling," he whispered, tremblingly, "I am worried quite to the verge of the grave."

"Ahem!" she drawled. "What troubles you—my fortune, beauty, or my age?"

"No one of them, dearest," he murmured. "Be frank with me now. Am I or am I not your one and only fiancé?"

He paused breathlessly, while the heart within his bosom did trip-hammer stunts to beat a full Wagner orchestra. "Tell me, for heaven's sake, I implore you."

For the moment the fair charmer relaxed her twenty-ton boa-constrictor grip, untwining several yards of caressing arm from about the rib-kinked waistlet. "My one and only fiancé?" she whispered in frappé syllables, her brow lifted with imperious hauteur. "Not on your camel's-hair goatee." She drew forth a tiny gold-bound ledger from her bosom, perusing it. "You are number 'steen hundred and six on my list," she pursued. "What of it, darling?"

The youth sank back in a mood of melting ecstasy. "Thank heaven!" he cried. "I shall live. You have given me a respite from an untimely grave. For, from the evidences of a three-weeks' engagement, darling, I perceive that your rôle of back-parlor contortionist is altogether too heavy for any one leading man, unless he be either a corn-fed Hercules or a Chicago drummer for heavy hardware. But ah, darling, now I know that you really and truly love me, you are willing to spare me from certain and untimely doom. Kiss me, love, for my heart is at peace once more."

"Glad to know that," responded the free-lance fiancée with the veteran's intonation. And once more enfolding him in her special high-pressure hug, the famous Denver cyclone imprinted upon his seething smile a Nethersole kiss that turned up the rugs all smoky at their edges, and opened rents in the ceiling that you could throw a shoe through.

And the blond young lover swooned dead away, dreaming that he had been hit by a heavenly meteorite.

GEORGE ARDEN.

THE FIGHT WHICH INTERESTED HIM.

THEY were seated before the club windows discussing men and affairs, after the manner of *blasé* gentlemen of the world, sipping cocktails between subjects.

"By the way," said Jobbs, "which one do you think will win in the coming fight?"

His companion glanced about with an air of doubt mingled with summoning courage.

"Well," he drawled, "I think that if my wife upholds me in the controversy, and I can secure the services of her mother as bottle-holder and the corner policeman as referee, I'm a dead winner at ten to seven."

"You?" exclaimed the other in somewhat of amazement. "I said nothing about you. I meant the coming fight for the championship——"

"Oh, bosh! I thought you meant something important."

"Like what, for instance?"

"Like the great scrap for which I am now in training. It will come off on the first of next month, and, from all indications, it is simply going to be a ripper."

"Great Scott! I did not know that you were a scrapper."

"I'm not, professionally, although I am

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subsidized as the bouncer-chief of a certain establishment here on the avenue."

"You don't say!"

"Fact. And from the head of the concern—in other words, my wife—I have had orders to bounce the cook on the first of the month. As she weighs a hundred and eighty, with a fifteen-inch forearm, and an eye that can make a sassy iceman drop his tongs and yell 'Mercy!' at her very glance, you see there is a likelihood of a neat little bout. Come around and I'll let you hold the watch and ring 'Time' with a poker against a wash-boiler from the summit of the cupboard. Do you wonder I'm in training?"

"Not a bit," was the response. "Have another smile You will need it; and, besides, your thirst for cocktails may vanish after the first——"

"Particularly as they don't serve them either in the hospital or the morgue. Thanks, old chap. Here's how!" And they drank in silence, filled with unutterable dreams.

P. S. Daily.

GOT HIS MONEY'S WORTH.

FOGGS was a brilliant chap, but given to indulgence in self-admiration at times. He was like a great many other men—strong in a fight but weak to flattery. For just such people the devil made clairvoyants, phrenologists, and all the rest of the jolliers on earth, including "Professor Bunck O. Fleecem, author of 'The Good Thing's Manual of Palmistry, or Every Man His Own Fate-reader'" In the clutches of the Professor's highly colored advertisement poor Foggs fell. He bought the book for four dollars. Then he sat down before the grate fire with a pipe in his mouth and a thirst for self-adulation whetted up to the point where every man becomes his own easy mark.

Page after page he ran over, his palms stretched out before him, his face indicative of the throes of mental agony. "If the Heart-line intercepts the Fate-line in the Mound of Jupiter, you are destined to beat Cæsar, Napoleon, Kaiser Wilhelm, and all the rest at their own game." "Hurray!" cried the delighted Foggs. "I've got it dead sure. Always thought I was too modest. Confound it! what does a man want to practice humility for, when he has such genius? I'll turn over a new leaf. I'll plunge in and rule the world, just as I was destined to do." Up and down the room he paced in an ecstasy of self-worship, then resumed the golden pages.

"But," followed the great authority, "if the Mound of Mars shows a star in the apex you will murder your mother-in-law and die horribly by your own hand." Blest if the star wasn't there, too! That made Foggs hot. A moment ago he was thinking of sending for the Professor to dine at twenty dollars a plate. Now he wanted to throttle him. "Murder my mother-in-law, indeed! I'd better get one first. Suicide, rats! Not a man of my genius and calibre, I'll swear to that" Then he read on:

"A strong Heart-line running little parallel branches to the Head-line indicates that you will marry a great heiress and one of the divinest of God's creatures, who will give up her life to the glory of your genius." "Hurray!" cried Foggs. "That man is a great philosopher; no doubt of it. Why, my hand shows the very thing." He read on: "But if there are pyramids and stars between the intersections, your adversities will be so great that you will be divorced from your wife and die a dishonorable death in a foreign dungeon." "Oh, drat the idiot!" shouted Foggs, as he found the very accursed symbols in both palms. "If I had that fellow here, I would slam his brains against the wall." He rang for a brace of fizzes in a quart dipper; then, raising the window, flung the oracle through it clean across the sidewalk into a passing garbage cart. "That settles it!" cried he. "No more amateur palmistry for me. I know without reading my hand that if I listened to this idiotic rot long enough, I'd commit hari-kari." So saying, Foggs borrowed the janitress's yard-long stocking, filling it with bluestone scraps, and went out in search of the Professor with a resolve to get that four dollars or a black eye, it didn't matter much which.

Raymond Keyes.

CRAFT.

Mistress—Did you manage that jam jar so that the flies could not get in?

Jane—I took the handle off the cover.

SIGNS OF DECAY.

Farmer—See here, my son, it is time to repair our mill. The artists are beginning to paint it.

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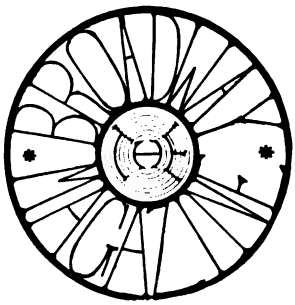

ISSUED ON THE 25TH DAY OF EACH MONTH PRECEDING DATE OF PUBLICATION

Copyright, 1899, by Broadway Publishing Company

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION

To any post-office in the United States, Canada or Mexico, one year, post-paid, $1.00

To foreign countries in the Postal Union, one copy, one year, post-paid, $1.50.

Advertising rates on application.

Address all communications to Broadway Publishing Co., 1123 Broadway, New York. Telephone, No. 1049-18th Street.

Entered at New York Post-Office as second-class matter.

Vol. III APRIL, 1899. No. 1

Would it not be a nicer, easier and quieter way to capture Aguinaldo, introduce him informally to Judge Lynch, and then turn the hose on his followers? This latter suggestion would be in the line of both expediency and cleanliness.

* * *

There is a division of opinion regarding the seating in Congress of a man named Roberts, who has wives to burn in Utah. If polygamy is a crime, and against the law—the statute books say it is—why waste time and expostulations? Would it not be simpler to arrest Mr. Roberts, send him to jail, and discuss his case afterwards? We forget now just what the punishment is for bigamy, but it is unpleasantly long, anyway.

* * *

What will become of Fayne Moore? Where are the theatrical managers who got the newspapers to give them columns of free advertising under the impression that Fayne Moore was to star in "Only a Badger's Helpmate," or something of the kind? When we come to think of it, there are more ways of bunco-steering than shaking a man by the hand. You can just as well trip him up.

* * *

Are you aware of the fact that the BROADWAY MAGAZINE is starting on its second year of life? No doubt you don't care. We do. That is why we mention it.

* * *

Perhaps you have not secured a copy of Volume II. of the BROADWAY MAGAZINE. If you can use one in your business, you should order at once. A dollar is a good deal of money, if you haven't a cent; but if you have, it will pay to invest in Volume II. of the BROADWAY MAGAZINE. It is better than twelve doctors or a cistern of nerve tonic.

* * *

We take great pleasure and feel considerable excitement in making the announcement to our readers throughout the United States and Pittsburg that we have in contemplation the exclusion from our columns of a new serial story, by Conan Rudyard Hope. We have paid an enormous price for the manuscript, which has been written in red ink with a stub pen The rising author has furnished a sensation for every page of foolscap, and we have not the slightest doubt that our circulation would drop off fifteen thousand every few minutes if we were to publish it. That is why we do not intend to.

* * *

It will be remembered that on the cover of the February number of the BROADWAY MAGAZINE there appeared the picture of a young woman in a velvet gown and with gleaming teeth. No name was printed under this picture, and this fact evidently piqued a good many people throughout the country, for the publishers have received literally hundreds of letters asking the name of the girl and requesting facts about her. We decided, therefore, to secure a special series of pictures of the same model, and these will appear in the May issue of the BROADWAY MAGAZINE.

Now Ready for Your Perusal

Broadway Quarterly

Number One.

There are some very good things in it. If you have not been a regular reader of the BROADWAY MAGAZINE, be sure to get it.

Price 25 Cents.

There is a full page announcement about it in the advertising pages of this number.

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A GREAT AMERICAN SCANDAL.

What is behind this whole affair of the poisoning of Henry Barnet and Mrs. Adams, the attitude of Harry Cornish, Roland Molineux, Mrs. Rogers, the position of the District Attorney's office and the Detective Bureau, and the generally remarkable attitude of everybody connected with the case?

On almost any one of the days since the public first heard of the poisoning of Mrs. Adams, the city, and, in fact, the whole country, has been upon the brink of a sensation quite as startling and altogether as noisome and uncanny as any that has ever been flaunted in the nostrils of England or France.

It is a disagreeable, thankless and vile task to be obliged to state that if the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth were told about a certain organization of New York and its doings, the whole length and breadth of the land would be swept by the foul breath arising from the disclosures, which could be quite as startling as those made years ago in connection with the infamous Cleveland street scandal of London. It is not mincing words to say that such an exposure would shock New York to its very core, and that men who now hold their heads high, and whose hands are grasped in friendship by decent men, would bow their heads in shame, be driven out of the country and respectable society and, providing any of them have any spark of manliness left, to ultimate and inevitable suicide. One man who held the knowledge of this awful state of affairs lies in his grave. A woman has met the same fate at the hands of the poisoner. An attempt was made on a third man, who was believed by the guilty ones to know too much.

Where will this thing end? District Attorney Gardiner, one of the most faithful, energetic, able and unswerving officials New York has ever had, has been handicapped in every possible direction. Chief of Detectives McClusky, a shrewd, far-seeing, experienced and brilliant officer, has started on scent after scent, and found himself at every turn balked by the machinations of those who feared exposure. These two men are absolutely and utterly above purchase. Their sincerity is not doubted, and they have their pride, ambition and honesty at stake; yet at the beginning they found it impossible to work against the tremendous odds with that speed and decision which ordinarily characterize their service to the public.

Some of the great daily papers have made dark hints and subtle references to the condition of affairs that led up to the two tragedies which have been occupying the attention of the authorities for some months. One of those whose name was mentioned threatened to sue a certain daily paper for something like $100,000. The publisher calmly remarked: "Go ahead and sue." He felt secure. The person in question dropped all communication with that newspaper when he learned that it possessed photographs so unutterably vile that they could never have been produced in an open court, but could only have been submitted under the secrecy of a seal.

The BROADWAY MAGAZINE does not pretend to overwhelming dignity. It does not preach. Its publishers, however, are healthy-minded men, of clear eye and normal brain; for that reason the full facts in this case are not published. They are so filthy and unmentionable that, by publishing them, the BROADWAY MAGAZINE would consider itself unfit for the hands of its upwards of eighty thousand readers, who like daintiness and smart flippancy, but who have no sympathy with, or interest in, the horrors of degeneracy.

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Edgar Davenport and Thomas A. Wise waiting for the Sunday papers at Trenton, N. J.

The entire "Last Chapter" company waiting at Trenton Junction to take the train for Baltimore.

Edgar Davenport and Thomas A Wise waiting for something to turn up.

'ON THE ROAD."

Snapshots of "The Last Chap er" company during the merry whirligig of going around the country in the interest solely of dramatic art. It will be noticed that the members of the company are waiting for something in each picture It s a way they have, and it's inexpensive, and not too exciting.

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CAVALIERI'S DELICIOUS PROFILE.

OH, CAVALIERI!

A LETTER FROM FRANCOIS PELLIER.*

(Paris, February 10, 1899.)

I AM a Parisian; therefore I am in love with Cavalieri; therefore do I write about her.

O, she is beautiful! I cannot tell you how lovely is this star of the night, this rainbow of the Spring, this beauty of the cluster. I wish I were a great poet so that I might tell the whole world how charming, how extraordinary, how terribly fascinating is my Cavalieri, but I am not. I am only a poor love-sick boulevardier,

* The Editor positively refuses to be held responsible for M. Pellier's ravings. The translation is literal.

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CAVALIERI'S FULL FACE.

who has seen this lovely woman and would cast himself into the Seine if only to win one smile from her blood-red lips.

I do not know where Cavalieri came from; Paris does not know. We, Paris and I, only know that she is a new star in the heavens, that she burst in upon our vision not many months ago and was hailed at once as a divinity.

My Cavalieri has been on the stage. Beauty in Paris finds its just tribute only before the footlights. Cavalieri has also been, and is now, a model. She poses for the great artists and photographers. And such a model! Her lines are more beautiful than those of a Diana; her features are classical, but colored with the warm, rich blood of a daughter of France. Her hair has a lustre like an aureole surrounding the head of a Madonna. In her eyes play all the lights and

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CAVALIERI'S LUSCIOUS SEMI-PROFILE.

shadows and passions of a breathing woman. When she smiles the sun shines, the birds sing, the flowers open wide and the world is gay.

I am an artist. Cavalieri came to me one day and said: "Let me pose for you." I drank in the loveliness of this woman, who cast a radiance over my studio. I could only stutter my thanks. She sat down on a divan and said: "Monsieur Pellier, I am ready."

I sat there with my easel in front of me and my pencils and brushes at hand, but I could not work; I could only look, look, look. She saw that I was nervous. She came over to where I was sitting; her breath fanned my cheeks. The subtle odor of violets made my head swim. I was intoxicated. I tried to fold her in my arms, when, sinuous as a snake, she struggled free, and passed through the door. I was alone—no,

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CAVALIERI AS AN ARTIST'S MODEL.

there was still the odor of violets.

Others of my friends have had the same experience They have told me with tears in their eyes and with tremors in their voices that my Cavalieri, their Cavalieri, has won their hearts, has made their brains throb, their breath come fast, and then, like a nymph of the woods, has flown away, leaving them as I was left, always with the odor of violets.

Some day the *Matin* will print a story of the sad death of a poor man who has seen Cavalieri, has felt her warm breath and been made mad by her fascination, only to be spurned, to see the light depart, to grope in darkness, and then—death, nothing but death.

And who shall be the first—for there will be more than one, and I, foolish weakling that I am, may be he. Who can tell? For life is such a strange thing—but not as strange

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CAVALIERI TRYING TO HANG HERSELF.

and white and splendid as Cavalieri.

And so I wait, not always hopeless, but still knowing that I am only one of a whole city of madmen.

I send you, with this small tribute to my Cavalieri, five photographs, which, woe is the world, does only faint justice to this wonderful woman. Publish them, and confer a lasting benefit on lovers of the Divine, and a thousandfold on

Yours, passionately in love,

FRANCOIS PELLIER.

RUMORS OF ASSASSINATION.

"A man can die for his country but once," said the Court Philosopher.

"I presume," was the Chinese Emperor's comment, "that you are quoting something written before my day."

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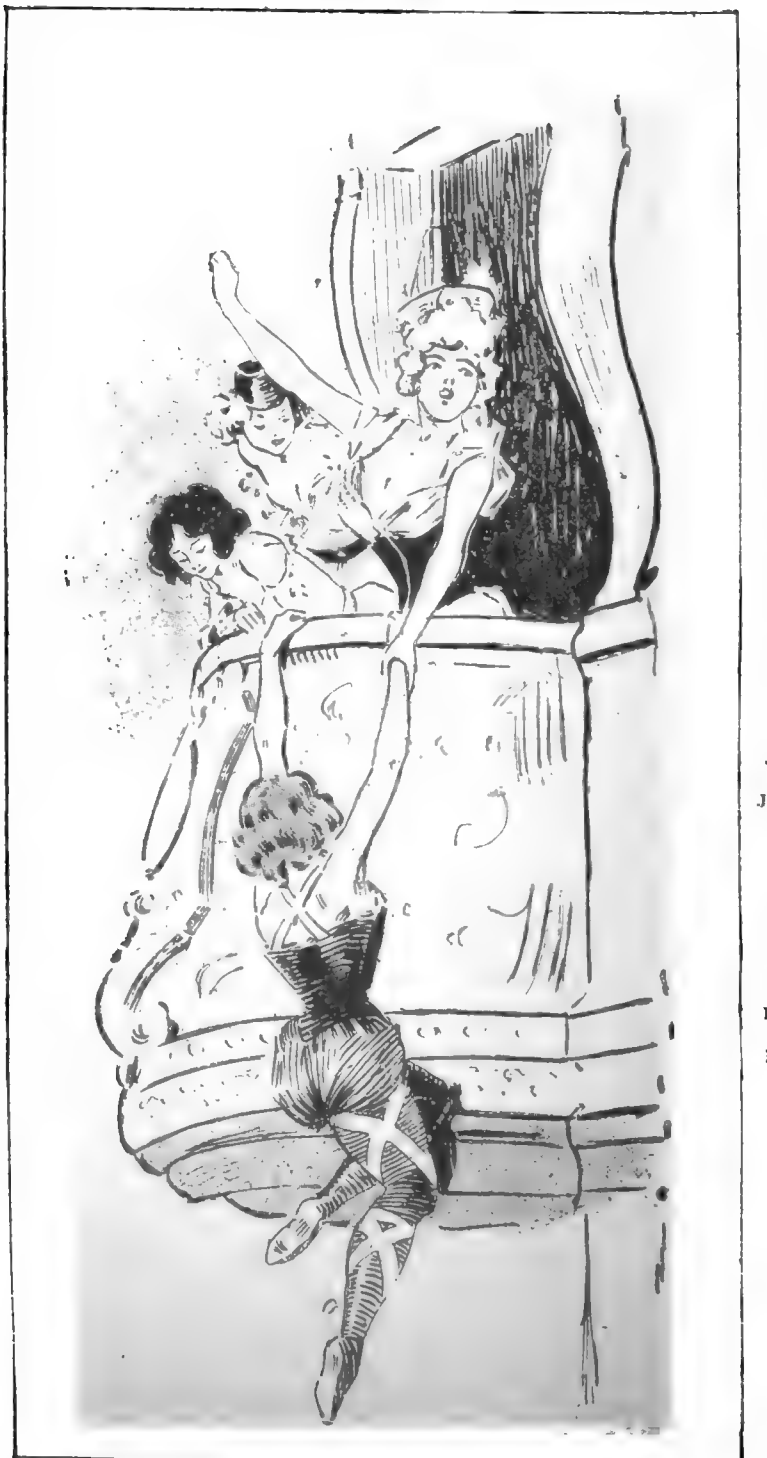
A TRIFLING LITTLE SCENE WHICH TOOK PLACE RECENTLY DURING THE REHEARSAL AT A NEW YORK THEATRE—WE DON'T THINK.



FROM A PEN-AND-INK DRAWING BY J. JOSEPH JIMMEY, OUR BEST LITTLE LONG-HAIRED DREAMER.

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She Interviews C. D. Gibson

SA-AY, Gibbie is a rare gentleman. He is also the best judge of form in the country—not even barring E. E. Rice.

Gibson has always claimed that he has never been interviewed. That is why I swept down upon him in all the glory of a new hatbow. I like hard nuts to crack.

I went up to Nineteen West Thirty-first street—that's where the merry tinkling *Life* is published, you know—and knocked timidly at the door pointed out to me by the Celtic elevator-man. First, I rang the bell. Then I knocked. Then I waited. "Shure," says the elevator-man, affably, "Mr. Gibson hears, but he has got to keep you waiting, because he ain't like the other common folks."

Finally a heavy step sounded, and the door swung open, and there—there he stood! Girls, he is almost as nice as Eddie Sothern, only twice as big.

"I don't want any models to-day," says he, right off the reel.

"Who in blazes said you did?" says I. "I don't want to pose for you. I want to interview you."

He didn't grasp my hand, and didn't look pleased. I didn't give him a chance to get weary, however.

"Gibbie," says I, "do you really draw from a human model? Some people say you use a clothes-horse."

He looked shocked and sadly hurt. "I suppose," says he, "some of those awfully jealous artists, you know, started that rumor. Just wait a minute, until I get ready for work, and I will show you." He retired for a moment behind a red plush screen, and soon came forth in a red necktie and white kid gloves, to say nothing of a few other things, of course.

"Do you always wear white kids?" says I, as I brushed off his patent leathers with my lace handkerchief.

"Oh, no," says he; "sometimes I wear lavender."

Just then the bell rang, and I heard a whole bunch of voices outside the door.

"Oh, the devil and the deuce," says Gibbie, very angrily, "I suppose there are some more of my

"I have brought around a few of my friends who are just dying to meet you!"

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many admirers." He did not open the door, but looked over the transom, while I made a play at the keyhole.

"Oh, Mr. Gibson," says a young boarding-school voice, "I have brought around a few of my friends who are just dying to meet you."

"Go ahead, Gibbie," says I, "give the girls a treat."

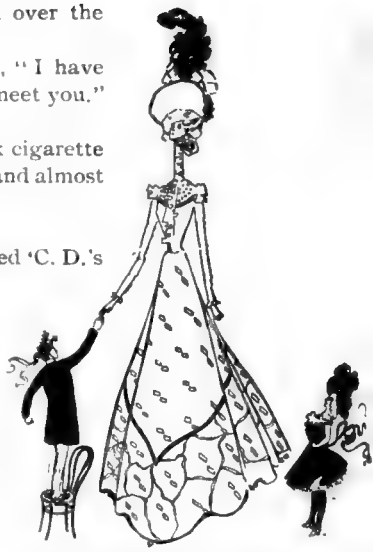
But he wouldn't. When he got down, he pulled a silk cigarette case out of his pocket, and offered me a smoke. I lit one, and almost choked.

"What do you call 'em?" says I.

"Why, don't you like them?" says Gibbie. "They are called 'C. D.'s Loveliest,' and they are made specially of rose-leaves by the members of the Young Things' Art League." Ting-a-ling-a-ling went the bell again. (I think that is the way it went.)

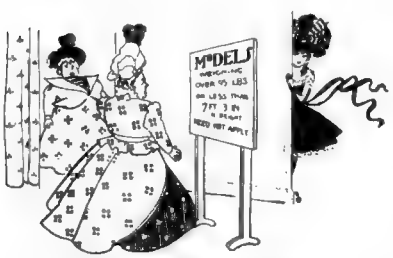
"Ah," says Gibbie, as he put a red, red rose in his buttonhole, "here comes my model."

He threw the door wide open with the grace of a Lyceum matinée hero, and in walked—well, sa ay, she was a dream. She weighed at least three hundred and ten, looked like an animated employment agency sign, and walked like a camel. I snickered. Gibbie gasped. Her stoutlets bowed.



"Miss Highface, let me introduce 'The Red Soubrette.'"

"Hallo!" says she, pleasant-like. "A friend of mine, big copper O'Hoolihan, of the Madison street station, says I am a regular winner and would make a fine artist's model; and he knows, because a friend of his draws for the *Police Gazette*. I ain't had much experience, but I am willing to work ten hours a day and eat my lunch standing. If yer like me, yer can have my sister, too. I brought her with me, and she's got as good a shape as I have."



O'Hoolihan's Friend and Her Sister.

"Madam," says Gibbie, after he had recovered his power of speech, "I regret most sincerely that I cannot add to my present stock of models. If ever I need three or four more I will send for you;" and he bowed her out, and slammed the door, and, while I poured some brandy down his back, fanned himself with one of the screens. Just as he was getting a good color again, the bell rang once more with the same old ting-a-ling.

"I'll put your mug on three sheets all over the town."

"Good Gawd," says he, "I am all done up! Will you go, Sou?"

I opened the door, and there she was. I could not make any mistake about her. That was the Gibson girl. She looked almost human, and I knew she was alive.

"It's all right, Gibbie," says I. "She has came!"

He started up and made a rush for the long, lean thing that almost broke in two as she came through the door. Jumping on a chair, he grasped her hand and almost wept. "Ah, you have saved my reputation," says he. "Miss Highface, let me introduce 'The Red Soubrette.'"

"Fearfully glad to see you," says I.

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"We will start right in," said Gibbie. Miss Highface sat down, C. D. went to the other end of the room, turned his back to his model, and, in another minute, was doing all sorts of funny tricks with a roll of paper and a pencil. In about fifteen minutes he turned around to look at both of us, and handed me the drawing.

"It's a middle page for *Life*, you see; and I only get three hundred dollars for it. I just did it to show you that I always draw from a model."

Again there was a commotion outside the door.

"Dear, dear," says Gibbie, "they simply will not let me alone. I expected to make seven or eight hundred dollars more to-day, but I suppose I will have to give it up."

"Hey, is there a fellow named Gibson in there?" came a voice through the keyhole. "If there is, trot him out, quick. I'm in a hurry."

I put my fingers in my ears, so that I could not hear this awful familiarity, while Gibbie, with drawn lips and trembling hands, went to admit the monster. He wore plaid trousers and a black cigar. As he entered, he rolled in a small keg and carried a bag of something in his hand.

"Let's get right down to business," says he. "Say, cul," says he, in a business-like way, "you ain't got no time to waste and I ain't got no time, so we're a couple of aces, see? My name is Jaggs—A. Ponsonby Jaggs. I'm a manager, I am, and there ain't a gazabo in the business that knows more games than I do, see? You're a card, you are; you're all right, see? But, say, my boy, don't waste your time with them things" (here he pointed his hand, full of diamonds, towards Gibbie's three hundred dollar picture. "Tell yer what I'll do. I'll give yer five hundred a week to do two turns a day at my hall, or a thousand dollars for four turns. I'll put yer mug on three sheets all over the town and top-line yer. I've got the coin right with me, so open yer face, and give us the word."

"I don't quite like your manner, Mr. Jaggs," says Gibbie.

"Oh, hell," says Jaggs, and he flew the coop. Sa-ay, he was the busiest man I ever saw.

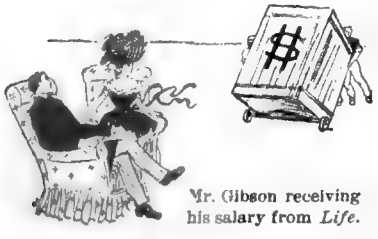
The scene greatly affected Miss Highface.

"The horrid, horrid thing," says she, with a regular Viola Allen break in her voice. "Couldn't you have the terrible creature arrested?" says she.

Gibbie sat back in an easy chair upholstered in sun-flowers. "I *am* done up," says he; "I really think there should be a law against vulgarity." Then he went to the side-board, took a drink of rose-water and, turning to Miss Highface, says, "I shall not need you any more this week. I hope you are not very tired after all your arduous labors in behalf of art." She said she wasn't, very, and I believed her. Just as she was leaving, the elevator-man announced that the publishers of *Life* would like to know if they might have permission to send up his salary.

"Oh, yes," says Gibbie, yawning in a bored sort of way, "but please see that they are all new bills. They know how I abhor money that has been used before."

In another moment two strong, able-bodied men and a truck conveyed a large case into the presence of Gibbie. "Oh, gracious," says he, "what a clumsy box! I dare say I shall not be able to open it for a week. Please put it into the cellar for me until I call for it."



Mr. Gibson receiving his salary from *Life*.

Then he added to me; "These money matters are so awfully degrading to art. Don't you think?" says he.

"Yes, I don't think," says I. "Good day, Gibbie."

"Good day," says he, "and don't forget that I draw from models."

I haven't forgotten, have I? I think art is a lovely thing.

THE RED SOUBRETTE.

POLITE.

As down the wall the convict slid,
When he for freedom made a break,
He murmured, in the shadow hid:
"Excuse the liberty I take!"

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MISS TITCOMB
Makes her bow to the London Johnnies.

AN AMERICAN GIRL IN LONDON.

HELOISE TITCOMB AND HER ADVENTURES IN ENGLAND.

HELOISE TITCOMB created a lot of talk in California a few years ago. There was some gossip regarding her marriage with a physician who had divorced his wife in order to marry her. She came to New York and soon joined the Casino phalanx. She appeared in the first production of "The Belle of New York" without attracting very much attention; in fact, candor compels us to state that she did not create the

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slightest ripple on the surface of the town's pellucid pool.

Miss Titcomb went to London with the "Belle of New York" company. Again she did not make the biggest kind of a hit. She was simply one of a bunch. Then she had some trouble with the management, became real angry, stamped her small foot, said several things in a loud, raspy tone of voice, declared she was an American girl and knew her rights and told everybody, from the stage manager to the box-office man, that she had no more use for "The Belle of New York."

MISS TITCOMB
In a new London gown.

But buns and ale and apartments cost money in London, just as they do in California, Oregon and New York. She had not saved very much money out of the munificent salary she received at the Shaftesbury Theatre. She thought; then she thought some more. The music halls occurred to her. She went to one of them, got a position, made a hit and there you are, and now she's happy

Two pictures of Miss Titcomb as she appears in London

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From a Photograph by Ellis London.
THE FIVE SPANKING LORRISON SISTERS.

They are undoubtedly lively and not at all bashful. A few years of the music hall experience they have had in London and on the Continent are enough to take away the shyness of any young and shrinking maiden. The Lorrisons sing well, and the English think them awfully giddy.

CONGENIALITY.

"Timmins, do you know anything about literature?"

"No."

"Know anything about art?"

"Nothing."

"Know anything about music?"

"Not a rap."

"Good! Come over to my room, pick out a pipe and let's enjoy ourselves."

PARALYZING.

"Isn't she a stunning-looking girl, though?"

"Yes; everything she does shocks me."

From a Photograph by Naegeli, New York.
ELLA WHEELER WILCOX, TRYING TO GET BRAIN FEVER.
It looks that way, doesn't it? Have you ever seen a woman think more deeply than this? No wonder she can write poems of passion.

CHEAP ENOUGH.

"If you haven't brought home a canary! Of all the extravagant people, John Smith——"

"But, my dear, I bought this for a song."

MASCULINE.

"She has a masculine mouth, don't you think?"

"Very. I fancy she couldn't hold more than a dozen pins in it to save her life."

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AWFULLY THRILLING POEMS.

BY OUR LONG-HAIRED STAFF.

TWO SMILES.

WHEN Juno smiled
The groves were fairer for the dawn of Love,
The nymphs through all the vales,
Like sleepers wakened by a subtle voice
Of gladness from above,
Arose, and like ten thousand nightingales,
Made earth and heaven rejoice,
When Juno smiled.

When Juno smiles
(Fair Juno is a Vassar maid to-day)
'Tis quite a different kind;
The fizzy, fuzzy magnums of old France
That drive dull care away,
And leave a sad "next-morning" spell behind
But, great Zeus! don't things dance
When Juno smiles?

GEORGE GANSON.

HE WAS TOO RASH.

HE was the maddest, maddest man
I've seen for many a day;
He leaped up on the "L," and found
A long line in his way.
At last a train came thundering up
As calmly as it pleased;
He thrust in his two-dollar bill,
And change and ticket seized.

Now, 'tis the usual thing, of course,
To drop into the box
The ticket as you hurry by;
But this here would-be fox,
In fluster and in haste, you see,
He quite reversed the docket;
He dumped the change into the box,
The ticket in his pocket.

For half a minute breathless on
The platform of the car,
He stood in meditative mood.
Dreaming of things afar.
The train pulled out, up went a whoop,
"Waow! murder!" was his shriek;
"That means I walk 'twixt Harlem and
The Battery for a week."

ELMER BRIGGS.

THE FOOTLIGHT FAVORITE.

"GAD! who's that pretty girl?" you ask.
"Oh, she's a 'Footlight Favorite'!"
In Fortune's lap she seems to bask—
This charming "Footlight Favorite."
She wears most stunning gowns and hats,
She looks the queen of plutocrats,
So who cares what the world thinks? Rats!
She is a "Footlight Favorite."

She gets free seats at matinées,
This dashing "Footlight Favorite;"
She knows by heart the tartest plays,
This lovely "Footlight Favorite."
She has some friends upon the stage—
The ones that are the present rage—
A wise bird for such tender age,
This winsome "Footlight Favorite."

Ah, life is sweet to her indeed,
This luscious "Footlight Favorite;"
Whate'er the game, she's in the lead,
This jaunty "Footlight Favorite."
Along Broadway her pictures show;
And just to keep the bluff you know,
Some day upon the stage she'll go—
This jolly "Footlight Favorite."

AUBREY CARMEN.

BROADWAY DIVERSIONS.

THIS is the time of year
When hubbies disappear
To "sit up with a sick friend"
—grievous task!
And wifey in the morning
Finds "dearly's" name adorning
The "*List of Clubmen Swells at the Bal Masque.*"

Then, somewhere nigh to noon,
With head like a balloon,
He straggles home with "such a tired feeling;"
And for an hour or so,
Whew! don't the cyclone blow!
It simply peels the frescoes off the ceiling!

But soon the storm is past,
Peace is restored at last,
And with a goodly roll upon the morrow,
Dear wifey goes a-shopping,
To buy a simply whopping
Bill of goody-goods to balm her righteous sorrow.

So, chappies, if you will
"Sit up with friends so ill,"
Just one precaution for your health I ask:
Be gen'rous; but be sure
To keep your name secure
From "*Lists of Clubmen Swells at the Bal Masque.*"

ARTHUR DUNN.

WHY SHE STILL WEPT

AT his cruel words she wept and wept,
And the tears coursed down her face,
And naught was left of her beauty except,
Perhaps, her natural grace.

And as for him, he implored her to cease,
And to stop her briny pour,
But the more he adjured her to hold her peace,
Her tear-drops welled the more.

He soothed his wife, this husband cold,
In a style to excite surprise.
For of course she wept the more as he told
Her loudly, "Oh, dam your eyes!"

J. J. TELLER.

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PERSONALS—PERTINENT AND IMPERTINENT.

LOUISE ALLEN is Mrs. Willie Collier. She has quite as much cleverness as has her own comedian husband and occupies the enviable position of being a star's wife and still popular with the rest of the company. If you do not understand the importance of this criticism just make a few inquiries of those who have had experience with the wives of stars.

Louise Allen.

ELSIE LESLIE is no longer the child actress. She has given up her prodigy days and airs. As leading lady with the Jefferson company on the road she serves as a reminder to out-of-town audiences that "Little Lord Fauntleroy" is a thing of the past.

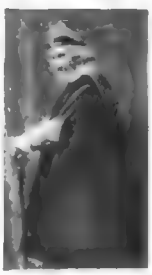
Copyright, 1899, by Eddowes, New York City

Elsie Leslie.

MRS. LE MOYNE is duplicating on the road the same success in "Catherine" which she won in this piece at the Garrick Theatre. Mrs. Le Moyne has been away from the native stage a great deal during the past ten years, but her latest success will probably induce her to continue indefinitely with Charles Frohman.

Mrs. Le Moyne.

J. E DODSON is probably doomed to play old men for a long time to come. This fine character actor has always had a penchant for the classic drama. His *Cardinal Richelieu* in "Under the Red Robe" convinced him that he was ripe for starring. His appearance in "Because She Loved Him So" provesthat he will not climb the heights for some time to come.



J. E. Dodson.

WHAT has become of Christie McDonald? When she was Francis Wilson's soubrette she was prominent, but now——

Christie McDonald.

Carrie Merrilees. Perdita Huelspeth. Carrie Merrilees.

TWO PRETTY GIRLS IN "THE CHRISTIAN"

(Photographs by Miner Lithograph Co., New York.)

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From Photographs by Sarony and Chickering.

TWO SOULS WITH A COUPLE OF THOUGHTS.

The head of Francis Wilson perched airily on the shoulders of Anna Held.

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From Photographs by Prince, Pach and Chickering.

"THERE WERE THREE OF US."

Della Fox's head, Francis Wilson's body and the De Angelis legs make a pot-pourri quite thrillingly beautiful.

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From Photographs by Schloss, Sarony and Baker.

"WHEN SHALL WE THREE MEET AGAIN?

The head of Anna Held on the body of Jefferson De Angelis, carried along by the legs of Francis Wilson.

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From Photographs by Schloss and Falk.

"THE HEAVENLY TWINS"

The classic De Angelis' head on the small, slim body of Della Fox.

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WHEN A YOUNG MAN'S VIRTUOUS.

BY GORDON PALMER.

TALES OF BROADWAY—No. XIII.

YOUNG Ponsonby de Trow was in a quandary. He had just received, at his club, a telegram, which ran as follows:

"DEAR PONSY—Must see you at once. Urgent. Do not fail me. Am waiting.
F. S."

"Why in the devil should Frankie Stevens want to see me so badly?" That was the quandary. But he went.

In fifteen minutes more he found himself sitting in the well-ordered establishment of Mrs. Stevens in a pretty apartment house near Central Park. Frankie Stevens, tall, blond and dashing, walked out of her pretty boudoir to greet him.

"So good of you to come, Ponsonby," said Mrs. Stevens, with a little electric smile.

She went over and sat down beside the young man and began flecking imaginary specks off his well-brushed frock.

"Well, Frankie," said the young man, not without some misgiving, "what can I do for you?" His tone was not too cordial, albeit there was a note of fear in it

"Come, come, Ponsy," said she, slightly querulous, "do thaw out; do be a sport; do stop acting as if I were something to be afraid of. I met at the theatre last night old Colonel Knockabout—you know, the old fool who wears a monocle when he isn't too drunk to wear it. We were chatting last night, and I happened to make the remark that I wanted five hundred dollars to pay for a little

'Do thaw out; do be a sport."

trip to Europe. Then, amongst other things, we began talking of you. I told him I thought you cared quite a little for me"—here she got a bit closer—"and the Colonel said you didn't care for any girl, that you were entirely too goody goody, and he bet me five hundred dollars that I couldn't induce you to sail for Europe on the same boat with me. Now, Ponsy, I do want to go to Paris so much, and I haven't the money, and I can't get it, unless—well, you know what the Colonel's bet was." Then she got up, stood in front of him with lowered

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lids, her full, rich lips parted and every line of her sinuous figure brought out in full relief through the folds of her gown.

Ponsonby appeared to be worried; in fact, he was. This was the first time in six months he had allowed to himself to see the fascinating Frankie Stevens. He was an easy-going, good-natured youth, with not too much brains, but with a fine, healthy regard for the precept his father had laid out for him when he left him at twenty-one with lots of money and no encumbrances. The old man had said: "Ponsonby, I won't lecture you, but never be a vulgarian and never consort with one. Remember that your mother was gentle and that your father tried to be a man. God bless you, my boy;" and then he died.

Ponsonby remembered all this as he looked into those eyes, that seemed to burn clear through his well-fitting vest. "Don't be a vulgarian and never consort with one." Yes, she was pretty, but there certainly was nothing gentle about her. She had a bold, pretty face, and no redeeming softness of manner.

With greater effort than he cared to make obvious, Ponsonby arose. She pounced upon him in a moment, as if afraid her spell was broken.

"Come, come, Ponsy, dear," she said as she wound her arms around his neck. "Surely a trip to Europe is not such a terrible thing, and as for me—well, I am not so awfully bad."

Ponsonby was growing weaker and he knew it.

"For God's sake, let me go, I beg

Photographs by Frederick, Morrison and Falk.

1 Kathryn Osterman. 2. James O Barrows. 3. Edward S. Abeles.
4. John Lancaster. 5. Belle Davis. 6. Anna Belmont.

MEMBERS OF THE "BROWN'S IN TOWN" COMPANY, THE LATEST FARCE OFFERING BY J. J. ROSENTHAL.

This piece is by Mark Swan, a new discovery by Manager Rosenthal. There seems to be a division of opinion regarding the qualities of "Brown's in Town," but this does not get away from the fact that it has done a smashing business on the road. It certainly is a lively, dash-ahead farce, in which Miss Osterman and Miss Belmont look decidedly dainty. It may as well be remarked here that "Brown's in Town" need not be more than one-half as good as it is in order to go. Manager Rosenthal, who did such fine work with "What Happened to Jones" and "Why Smith Left Home," can get people into a theatre about as fast as any man in the business.

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of you. Why do you send for me of all others? There are fifty men——"

But she stopped his words with a kiss. "I say you shall, you shall," said she passionately. "I will not miss my trip, and besides," and here her arms again entwined the now broken reed—"besides, dear, I love you."

And Ponsonby believed her; and so, as he bade her good-bye at the door he promised her that she should go to Paris. He assured her that Colonel Knockabout would lose his wager and that she should go to Europe.

The next morning Ponsonby de Trow was at the writing desk of his club. After writing and tearing up a half a dozen notes he finally settled on the following:

"My Dear Miss Stevens:

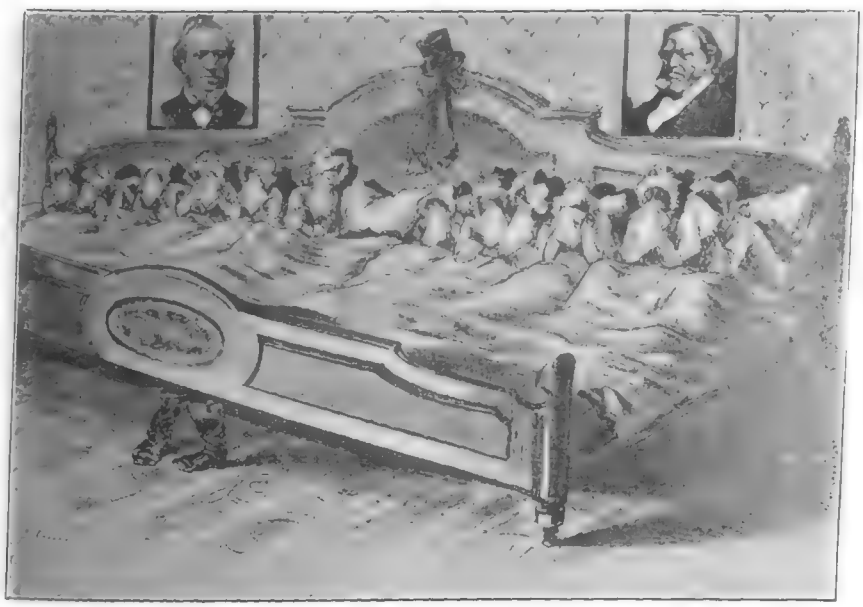
"I promised before leaving yesterday that you should have that trip to Europe. So you shall. Inclosed please find my check for five hundred dollars.

"With the sincere wish for your happiness, allow me to wish you 'bon voyage.

"Sincerely yours, Ponsonby de Trow."

And the *Herald* two days afterwards announced amongst those who sailed for Europe, "Miss F. Stevens and maid."

THE MORMONS HAVE NO SENSE OF HUMOR



THE MORMONS THINK THIS CARTOON IS SPITEFUL.

HERE is what we would call an especially touching picture. It is a specimen Utah cartoon of a type seldom seen in the East. It purports to describe the awful anguish and unutterable woe of a large and thriving family owned by Brigham Young when he departed for the land where there is no polygamy. This is one of the series of pictures that created a great deal of talk and almost bloodshed when first published in the far West. Once a store in Utah where the pictures were put on sale was mobbed by the irate Mormons, and the proprietor was threatened with tar and feathers and other summary treatment if he did not immediately stop casting contumely on the memory of Man-Not-Afraid-of-Wives.

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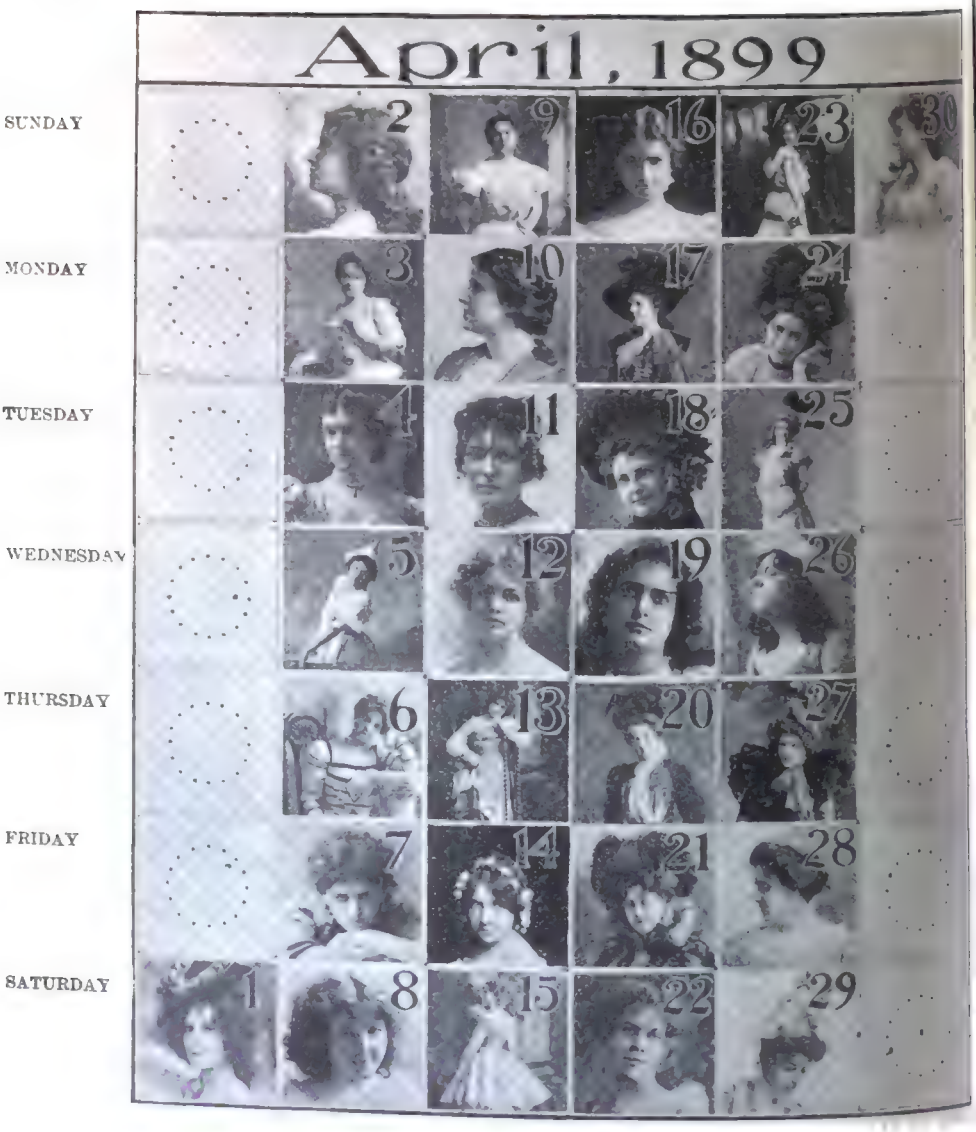

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT.

The publishers of the BROADWAY MAGAZINE take pleasure in announcing that in the next (May) issue of the BROADWAY MAGAZINE there will appear a fascinating and unique story by

MR. A. H. HUMMEL.

New York's famous lawyer will tell the details and important facts regarding a celebrated divorce suit, the detailed and remarkable history regarding which is made public here for the first time.

Mr. Hummel, who is the favorite counsel for the theatrical profession and America's most famous divorce lawyer—simply because he is its most successful—writes in a terse, vivid and trenchant manner, and we therefore regard this announcement as important from a journalistic as well as a sensational standpoint.

Remember: It appears in the next (May) number of the BROADWAY MAGAZINE.

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A SILLY WOMAN AND A CAMERA.

MME. NEUMANN AS A NYMPH OF THE BATHROOM

THIS is the picture that raised such an eternal typhoon of trouble recently on the Continent. You will note that the picture is perfectly proper; in fact, there has never been any question about the propriety of the pose. It is only because a foolish society woman of Vienna, a Mme. Neumann, insisted on posing in this silly way and giving copies of the picture to her friends that the thing leaked out and caused her a lot of embarrassment. It goes without saying that Mme. Neumann's husband raised an awful row when he learned that his wife had been making a fool of herself. He immediately went to the photographer, paid a big price for the negative, took it home, and, in a spectacular manner, smashed it into a thousand bits before his wife's eyes. He also gently hinted that a like occurrence would probably lead to several interesting sessions in the divorce court. One of those butlers with all ears and no brains heard this declaration, chattered about it to his friends, and the story finally became public property in Vienna. Mme. Neumann immediately found it convenient to take a trip to Italy, in which country she now is, and, it is to be hoped, endeavoring to lead a thoroughly conventional life.

Husband Neumann, by the way, has been in strict seclusion since the unfortunate affair took place, and has even forsaken his club

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Copyright, 1899, by B. J. Falk, New York City.

ANOTHER PICTURE OF LILLIAN RUSSELL IN "LA BELLE HÉLÈNE."

This picture, together with the one in the Broadway Beauty series in this issue, has a double interest to some people from the fact that it is one of the only series of photographs which Miss Russell has had taken at Falk's of late years. The costume worn by Miss Russell in this picture is one of the most stunning that has been seen in New York in a long time.

AND HER MOUTH.

BILL COLE — Say, old boy, those typewritten letters of yours are full of errors—*n*'s used for *u*'s, *l*'s for *t*'s, and *z*'s for *x*'s.

JACK WOOD—Ah! But you should see her *t*'s.

A COLORED DESCRIPTION.

"What a beautiful baby! So pink and white!"
Said the caller. I dared not tell her
That I'd learnt from many a sleepless night
He was also a little yeller.

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A POSTER DESIGN BY HY. MAYER.

This is a pen-and-ink design used in connection with the advertising of New York's Arion ball. It is in the true Mayerian vein and one of this artist's most recent pieces of work.

VALUABLE REAL ESTATE.

CHICKERING — Some of the new houses about here are so narrow that a piano cannot be put in.

BAUS (*excitedly*) — You don't know the rent of the houses next door to them, do you?

SEVERE.

BROWNSON — Is your wife jealous of you?

DAWSON — Jealous is no name for it. Why, on our wedding trip she wouldn't even let me admire the scenery.

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Jessie Millward ten years ago, when she was in this country with William Terriss.

Clara Lippman ten years ago. Taken before she became a professional player.

Lillian Russell twelve years ago, in the costume she wore in "A Trip to Africa."

THREE OLD PICTURES THAT TELL A TALE.

From photographs by Sarony, Falk and Thors.

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(From photographs by Sarony, New York.)

MORE PICTURES OF MRS. LESLIE CARTER AND "ZAZA."

New York is still talking about them. They are the two late sensations of the season. The top and lower pictures show Mrs. Carter in the second and last acts. The centre pictures are all from the first act, which takes place in a dressing-room disclosed to the audience. In the first, to the left, is Mrs. Carter, Mrs. Clancy and Marie Bates. In the next are Mrs. Carter and Mrs. Clancy. In the third are Mrs. Carter and Annie Sutherland, who plays the part of a jealous singer.

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THEY DON'T DO A THING TO EUROPEAN TRAVELERS.
Snapshot by Vander Weyde, showing the gentle manner in which the effects of travelers returning to Europe are pawed over by customs inspectors. In order to facilitate the working out of the idea Mr. Vander Weyde was assisted by Dorathy Usner, Louise Hepner and Mrs. Hepner, in the order named.

FOOLISH ONE.

"Boffkin has got himself into a nice fix."

"How?"

"He wrote an article on 'The Ideal Wife' for a woman's paper last month."

"Well, what's that got to do with his present fix?"

"Somebody told his wife about it, and she's been reading the thing over and over during the past two days, trying to discover a single trait wherein his ideal resembles her. She hasn't found it, and Boffkin is taking his meals at restaurants."

Nat Goodwin's brother, Edward F., who did not make a HOWLING SUCCESS IN VAUDEVILLE.
This particular Goodwin flitted into and out of vaudeville like a bird of passage. It took him about nine minutes to understand that continuous-performance audiences couldn't see him through the small end of a large field-glass. He is not a bad actor at that, although it is unfortunate, perhaps, that he happens to be the brother of a famous man.

NO DIMINUTION IN THE ADMIRATION.

"Yes," remarked Mrs. Tacum, "before we were married I used to admire John because I thought he was so noble. I continue to admire him now, but it is because he is such a splendid humbug."

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It was a great Fish ball. Everybody wore his clothes inside out—that is, that was the idea. But it wouldn't quite work in several cases, notably the ladies'. One eccentric dame, belonging to one of the oldest families, was so desirous of following out the scheme rigorously that she reversed her raiments completely; started with her Satin Duchesse ball-dress next to her skin, then her petticoat, and so on, and finished up with—but somebody called me away just then.

What a smart young fellow Cholly Stare is! A *bon mot* of his has been going the rounds of society and everybody has split his sides. He said his umbrella was very religious, and when someone asked him why, he replied: "Because it was lent." So original, of course. Cholly is a splendid boy, and would make a capital wine agent, if he knew how to work for a living. His legs are delightfully straight—so I am told; not that your Betsy cares anything about it, one way or the other. But what superb wit!

Much sympathy is expressed on all hands for Mrs. Paysser, whose husband recently secured a divorce. All our best people agree that he is treating her shamefully in depriving her of her children and allowing her only a mere $5,000 a month.

The number of our eligible bachelors is growing less and less. They are getting married off one by one, it seems, much to the pecuniary advantage of the keepers of the cafés along Broadway, whose attractions generally seem to pall on bachelors. So I hear in my rambles among the 399.

I have been watching Miss Polly Pyppefeet this last month or so. What an interesting girl she is! I notice, by the way, that she still has red hair and a nice collection of freckles, and if she expects to catch Dickie Joblots before next season, she had better see Boodwury, the face-cure man.

Great times are expected at the ball to be given by the De Sloshes on Easter Monday in honor of their new cook, who will then have been with them sixteen days. The cook will not be seen, as the De Sloshes are afraid some of the guests will inveigle her away, but the food will be out of sight. So will the drink. A. Howes Mayed will lead the german, and Theunda Butler, together with Jeems Meeman, will start off the cotillons. Favors of doughnut-paste will be given away.

Betsy Biddle.

Photograph by Sarony, New York.

It is untrue that Amelia Summerville is any relation to Dr. Woodbury.

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Photograph by Endean, Cleveland, O.

TETINIA AND SOME TEETH AND CURLS.

The teeth are hers. We hope the curls are, too. She looks happy almost to the verge of ecstatic frenzy. It might be mentioned that Tetinia is the girl who wears bracelets on the back of her hands. Those hands startled London last year.

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Photograph by Eadess, Cleveland, O.

TETINIA AND SOME FEET.

You can easily see them. She has taken especial pains to force them into public view. They're very useful feet, those. She uses them often and industriously. Tetinia is, in fact, a dancer, and a very lively little twirler.

For further particulars see the other page.

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THE NEW GUILBERT POSE.

A NEW PICTURE OF YVETTE GUILBERT.

Yvette Guilbert is a pretty canny sort of Frenchwoman. She knows how many aces there are in the pack, and how many francs in her bank account. Of late Guilbert has become something more than a mere singer. She has been writing essays on men, women and things for the French papers, and has managed to convince them over there that she is a remarkably brilliant woman of the pen. Yvette Guilbert knows the value of advertising. You cannot fool her on that score for a moment. She has not been drawing the biggest income of any woman in France for these many years without discovering that newspaper mention and salary are very closely allied. The world has not, by the way, heard very much of late regarding Guilbert's husband. She has one, of course, you know. At least she had one; we take it for granted that they still continue to look upon life as "one grand sweet song."

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FATHER, DEAR FATHER. Go home with yourself. The clock in the steeple's on strike, and your wife says we mustn't sell you another drop. BARTENDER AT CASEY'S.

IF THE WOMAN who looked at the man last week in New York wants to look again, let her hang around Hoffman House Corridor, where he is usually to be found attired in a shining high hat, frock coat, waxed moustache, fat cheeks, and oily smile.

MANILA. I want yer, ma honey yeth, I do. UNCLE SAM.

MCKINLEY. This President business isn't what it's cracked up to be. That's the way I look at it. What do you think? LOUBET, PARIS.

YOUNG MAN would like to meet person who said he was a liar last week. Object, Acrimony. Box 772.

TALL LADY with brown eyelashes and middle-aged feet desires the acquaintance of honorable hotel porter possessing American habits. No agents. G. B., box 222.

SWEET YOUNG THING of forty-two would like to marry anybody. Hully gee, ANYBODY 'll do, and don't you forget it! TOTTIE REDHAIR, Box 1.

A MAIDEN FAIR, with golden hair, who fell kerslap in the outstretched lap of a stalwart chap the other day, as one might say, in a cable car ere it went too far, would like to meet and kiss and greet this chappie sweet, and say how much she wants to touch him (also when) for a bulging ten She thinks he is the sort for biz., and, anyway, she liked his play. Now, if a friend, his name he'll send to maiden fair, who 'll love him, oh, so much you know! It's hard to wait. Box 248.

WHO THEY ARE.

Gertrude Berkeley is Mrs. Wilson Enos.
Henrietta Berleur is Mrs. Frank Arnold.
Sarah Bernhardt is Madame Damala.
Mlle. Bertina is Mrs. Harry Hill.
Nina Bertini is Mrs. Humphreys.
Edna Bertoldi is Mrs. Spink.

Helen Bertram, born Lulu May, divorced from Archilli Tomasi, is the second widow of the late E. J. Henley.

Maude Beverly is Maud Stewart.

Amelia Bingham is the wife of Lloyd Bingham.

Anna Bishop was Mrs. Schultz.

Mary Blackburn is a daughter of the late Salmi Morse.

"The Black Swan" was Elizabeth Greenfield.

Mrs. Blaine, formerly Marie Nevins, is now Mrs. Dr. Bull.

Eugenia Blair, *née* Wren, divorced from Forrest Robinson, is now Mrs. Robert L. Downing.

Lottie Blair is Mrs. Harry D. Parke

"Baroness" Blanc has been Mrs. Alfred B. Riegel, Mrs. Blanc, Mrs. Shirley Onderdonk and Mrs. Leeds Vaughn Waters.

Kitty Blanchard was the wife of McKee Rankin.

Sophie Blanchard is married to Jack Smith, the pugilist.

Annie Blancke is Mrs James Neill.

Edith Blande is the widow of Edward Solomon

Fanny Bloodgood is Mrs. A. H. Wilson.

Marie Bockel is Mrs. Samuel Reed.

Agnes Booth was Agnes Lande Rookes Her first husband was Harry Perry, her second, Junius Brutus Booth. She is now Mrs John Schoeffel.

Edwina Booth, daughter of Edwin, is Mrs Grossman.

Hope Booth, *née* Gibbs, is Mrs. James A B. Earll.

Marion Booth, niece of Edwin Booth, is divorced from Byron Douglass.

Violet Cameron is Mrs. De Bensaude.

Jennie Campbell is Mrs. Geo. H. Poor.

Ada Cannon is Mrs. R. B. Cummings.

Lillie Cantor is Mrs. Chas. Wilkinson.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

WHAT A CANADIAN GIRL THINKS OF THE BROADWAY MAGAZINE.

The most scintillating star of the magazine realm.
Its circulation ever on the accrescent.
No fatuous reading or illustration.
A source of complacency to its readers.
Effusive illustrations, bright, subtle, and thoroughly *fin-de-siècle*.
Its literary portion peremptorily authentic, intensely interesting and entertaining, with bright, witty sayings interfluent.
Unquestionably the most ingenious magazine of its guild.
Any individual scrupulous on the subject should at once purchase a copy and have the validness of my statement assentuated, and his doubts dispelled.
"The Man on Broadway" is all right, and the "Red Soubrette" is as novel a column as can be found in any magazine.

P. S.—All the girls here are just struck on it.

Your affectionate Canadian cousin,
FLORENCE DUNBAR.
P. O. Box 2410, Montreal.

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Photograph by Aime Dupont, New York City.

MISS JOSEPHINE ALLEN GAZING THROUGH THE MIDNIGHT SUN.

We do not know what the midnight sun looks like, as we do not have very many of them around our way. However, the illusion is complete enough to any but astronomers, and these gentlemen are respectfully but firmly requested to mind their own business.

BRILLIANCY.

THE GOOD MAN—What have you ever done to make the world a brighter place?

LABOR LEADER—A good deal. Organized more'n twenty metal-polishers' unions durin' last year.

OPTIMISTIC.

MRS. ENPECK—Ah, well! Things are never so bad but they might be worse.

MR. ENPECK (*in whom the lion has suddenly been aroused*)—I know it. I might be a Mormon and have three or four of you.

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ONE eve, on the walks that wind 'round through the park—
The time? Well, 'twas just betwixt sunlight and dark—
There strolled a fair maid and a chap.
Her arm was in his when they started the stroll,
But soon his encircled her waist, oh ho!
And when he sat down on a soft grassy knoll,
The maiden, unquestioning, placed oh ho,
Her charming young self on his lap!
Oh ho, oh ho, oh ho, oh ho, oh ho!
And the things that he said, as she swung on his knees, Were these:

"My Daisy, my darling, my duck!
I feel like a high muck a-muck!
Oh, specimen tender
Of feminine gender,
On you I'm excessively stuck! And
"Altho' 'neath your chin you I chuck,
I scarce can believe in my luck:
Some men might be firmer,
Tho' I can but murmur:
'My Daisy, m darling, my duck!'"

The maiden surveyed the symmetrical bloke,
But sympathized so with the way that he spoke
That, far from attempting a check,
Her arm - it was shapely and plump, let me say,
And nice as you'll find in New York, oh ho!—
Slid 'round in a truly affectionate way
Where the bottle, we're told, gets the cork, oh ho!
Which I hardly need say was his n ck!
Oh ho, oh ho, oh ho, oh ho, oh ho!
And the things that she said, as they sat 'neath the trees, Were these:

"My Harry, my hero, my hope
If e'er you should leave me, I'd mope!
And when I am near you,
I love you, you dear, you,
And ne'er to a kiss will say 'Nope!' For
"With love such as yours who could cope?
Your words in my heart seem to grope;
They set it a-yearning
For you and a-burning—
My Harry, my hero, my hope!"

Now it happed that behind a large neighboring tree
A woman stood trembling with mad jealousie—
For which she is not to be blamed,
For she was the wife of the gentleman who
Was enacting the rôle of a couch, oh ho!
And she rushed on the scene with a hullaballoo,
And the whip that she cracked was no slouch,
oh ho,
As they found from the blows that she aimed!

Oh ho, oh ho, oh ho, oh ho, oh ho!
And the things that she said (you will pardon me, please,) Were these:

"You ——, you ——, you ———!
Take that, you unfaithful —— ——!
And that, you —— ——,
You —— —— —— —— —— !
I guess that'll teach you, you —— ! Then
"You, too, you —— and you ——!
Take this, with my hate, you ——!
You're both —— ———,
So hear me say ———,
You ——, you ——, you ——— ! ! !"

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From a flashlight Photograph by Joseph Byron.

AUBREY BOUCICAULT AND LOUISE BEAUDET IN "MLLE. FIFI" AT THE MANHATTAN THEATRE, NEW YORK CITY.

Gin Fizzes and Things.

ANOTHER SULTRY OFFERING.—Brady & Ziegfeld are certainly a couple of wonders. They have evidently started out with the well-defined purpose of making the Manhattan Theatre the American home of the *risque*. They are succeeding without the glimmer of a doubt. They made all New York talk about "The Turtle," and they have been equally successful in exploiting that gem of French salaciousness, "Mlle. Fifi." Louise Beaudet is also a wonder. This round, amiable little woman has played everything in the modern drama, from awful tragedy with Bandmann to farce-comedy with Tom, Dick and Harry. She went over to London about three years ago and made a small-sized hit there. New York had pretty nearly forgotten her, when out she pops as the central figure in "Mlle. Fifi," and makes love to Aubrey Boucicault in a manner at once thrilling and torrid. I don't like young Boucicault. I don't think any man does. The girls seem fond of making love to him, however, and I suppose he can afford to laugh at the rest of us.

THE RENAISSANCE OF THE CORK ROOM.—Frank Dunn, of New York and Boston, evidently intends to turn New York upside down. There is a faint suspicion in the minds of many that he will hardly be able to accomplish his object with any degree of dispatch or completeness. In taking hold of the old Koster & Bial place on West Twenty-third street he can only build on the memories of its cork-room days. I am afraid New York has put on long trousers since the time of Jennie Joyce, Josie Gregory and the

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ARCHIE GUNN'S POSTER OF "MLLE. FIFI."
Reproduced here for the first time from Mr. Gunn's original in color.

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Photograph by Falk, New York.

AUBREY BOUCICAULT, as the Silly Husband, is tempted by LOUISE BEAUDET, the Circe, in "Mlle. Fifi," at the Manhattan Theatre.

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other lights of the subterranean passages that made Koster & Bial's a thing of delight to the men who are now ranging from thirty to forty years of age. The youngsters of the present period know too much. It is pretty hard to fool them. Frank Dunn will be obliged to do either one of two things—give an excellent stage performance or run his place wide open. The former is expensive, and the latter dangerous. If anybody starts to tell you that the Tammany administration has made the Tenderloin a reeking hotbed of crime, just wink the other eye and make up your mind that your brilliant informer carries a photograph of Parkhurst pasted on the inside of his watch. The Tenderloin is not wide open. Tammany is not scattering licenses right and left, and the town is not worse than it has ever been in its history. All of which may and may not be news to you.

From Photograph by B. J. Falk, New York.

Miss Laura Burt looking somewhat happy.

LAWYER WEEKS AS HE IS.—I strolled into the New York Athletic Club some days ago, and there, seated at a table in close communion with a newspaper, was Bartow S. Weeks, an ex-Assistant District Attorney and the counsel of Roland Molineux. Weeks was one of the most assertive men ever connected with the District Attorney's office of New York. He was known as a hard hitter whenever he took charge of a prosecution, and he has as many winning brackets opposite his name as any of the bright lawyers who have held similar positions. He is an aggressive-looking man, and his well-kept beard and sharp eye, together with a manner that is never submissive, make him a character of more than ordinary interest. Weeks now has a large private practice, but he always finds time to spend some part of his day at the handsome house of the New York Athletic Club, where he is a power.

FAVERSHAM ON A SPREE.—"Lord and Lady Algy," at the Empire, is not a bad sort of play, but I doubt very much if it would make even the smallest kind of a hit, if it were not for the work of William Faversham. In his tipsy scene, which a cheaper actor would make obnoxious, he is good enough to frame. Jessie Millward, however, is not just right as *Lady Algy*. She lacks the frothy effervescence of a woman who goes to the races, smokes cigarettes, cares nothing for gossip, and visits the husband from whom she is separated, at various hours of the night. I cannot, for the life of me, exactly see what harm there is in the visits of a wife to a husband, but you'll admit, at least, that they could be made unconventional; and so they are in "Lord and Lady Algy."

IS MAY ROBSON CLEVER? — Again May Robson shows herself to be a past mistress in the art of making up. I refuse positively, however, to be-

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lieve that she is a great comedienne. As a fright of a mother, who makes her appearance as a shepherdess with a bleating lamb, she is odd to gaze upon. She does not, however, do anything excruciatingly funny. I am willing to admit that I can't see May Robson.

A GOOD STORY ABOUT A BAD HUBBIE.—There is a funny story going around the street regarding a well-known New York silk importer and a blond-haired woman, who likes to have people think she is on the stage, though she has never gotten any nearer to it than the seat of a dollar-and-a-half orchestra chair. The importer in question is as pompous and silly as a goat. The woman is small, petite, not bad-looking, nor too young. In fact, she is much nearer thirty-eight than nineteen. They met at the Casino in the Park. He was near-sighted, thought she was beautiful, and fell in love with her. He told his love in no uncertain tones, was accepted for the nonce, and immediately proceeded to make an ass of himself. The names were coupled all over town. In his infatuation he grew bold. He engaged a box one night for a party of which his inamorata was to be a shining light. They arrived in all their glory of diamonds, large expanse of linen front and much gay laughter. Just as the curtain was going up, the pompous swain espied a well-known face in a lower box. Then, to his horror, he espied two more. O, but he knew them well! They belonged to his wife and two grown daughters. It took him the smallest part of a moment to escape from his seat and make his escape home, where, in trepidation, he awaited the home-coming. You see, he was not half as brave as he was reckless. They came, they saw, and they conquered. Papa now never goes out at night, the small, petite charmer is disconsolate, and the wife and daughters are queening it. As for the man, he is satisfied with his wife's promise not to go to a lawyer, if he promises to be good.

Photographs by Baker, Columbus, O.

Nannette Francis, of "A Bachelor's Honeymoon" company.

GEORGE KESSLER AS A SWELL. — Is it possible that George Kessler is to break into society via that inconsiderable jackanapes, Harry Lehr? This tall, thin dude is employed by George Kessler to sell wine to society. Presumably, Mr. Lehr is very successful, as he continues to draw his salary regularly from Kessler. This veteran wine merchant and bon vivant will, it is said, surely make his entrée into the politest of the polite next season. He has promised his young friend with the funny legs and infantile smile a tre-

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mendous increase in salary if he brings about this desideratum. I understand that Mr. Kessler has hired a governess who will teach him the gentle art of acting nicely according to Hoyle. He has already taken a number of lessons of a society teacher of dancing. All this is sad news for the gay spirits of the town, of which George Kessler has always been such a brisk and moving figure.

THE LATEST PICTURE OF BIJOU FERNANDEZ.

Photograph by B. J. Falk, New York

MRS. CARTER IS CANDID. — Mrs. Leslie Carter is undoubtedly a very vivid person. The candid manner in which she discussed various matters with Winifred Black some time ago proves this to a certainty. Mrs. Carter, for instance, ingenuously referred to her decided liking for red lingerie. No doubt her remarks were read with feverish interest by those people who care to wade into the somewhat tiresome efforts of Mrs. Black. The question of good taste, of course, does not at all enter into the consideration. Mrs. Carter was looking for advertising, and she got it with a vengeance.

TWO GIRLS AND A MAN.—They were standing on the corner, not meaning any harm. They seemed to be getting along pretty well, when the one with the feather boa remarked: "Jack took me home in a cab the other night and kissed me thirteen times. He told me he would be my backer next season and that he had already seen about securing a New York stage for me to appear on." "How nice of him," quoth the one with the bright red dress. "No doubt he referred to the Grand Central Palace." And the funny part of it was that the girl with the boa didn't get mad until she found out that the Cat Show was being held at the Grand Central Palace.

WHAT WILL HAPPEN? — There has been a lot of quiet betting along Broadway regarding the combination between Edgar and Harry Smith. The librettist duo is now doing a continuous turn at Weber & Fields'. I am sorry to say that the betting now stands five to one against a continuance of the proposition. I am equally glad to say that up to date the two Smiths pull so well in double harness that there is no immediate likelihood of their getting fractious and kicking each other in the ribs. It is fondly hoped by a few gentlemen, who would like to step into the positions occupied by Harry and Edgar, that they will soon find some excuse for tying each other in knots.

WILL THE WILSONS STAR?—There is a rumor on Broadway to the effect that the Wilson sisters, who have been seen at the Casino and the Herald Square Theatre in various frothy productions, will be featured, if not actually starred, next year in a new musical comedy written especially for

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them. It is said they have all the financial backing required.

TWO GIRLS FROM EUROPE. — The Hengler sisters return to America without very much ado, and without prating foolishly about scandals and various other things which are generally tied on to the tail of a theatrical comet. I remember these two women when they were young slips of girls without much knowledge of the world, but with pretty faces and a neat way of talking. They had no mannerisms to speak of, were not very eccentric, were not divorced, and attracted little attention. They made a fair-sized hit in Europe, however, and now return to find themselves accepted.

BIJOU FERNANDEZ AS A BEAUTY. — I am glad to be able to show BROADWAY MAGAZINE readers that picture of Bijou Fernandez. There is a stunning girl for you. I am not over-fond of her dear mommer; in fact, I am not very fond of any woman who will go to the theatre on passes and sneer at the performers if her agency does not happen to have furnished the talent. Bijou, however, is decidedly all right. She looks like a gypsy and her smile is worth going miles to see. There is not in New York to-day a head of hair blacker than hers. I do not blame the dudes for staring her out of countenance whenever they get a chance. Bijou Fernandez is a picture one seldom sees in any living portrait gallery.

ILLUSTRATED DEFINITION.

"The Belle was softly peeling."

While I am waiting let me remark that:

Billy Perzel has a new monocle.

T. Henry French is it. Frank A. Sanger tagged him.

Town Topics says that "Zaza" is plain nasty. Who can see the nigger in the woodpile?

There is to be a new, smashing big hotel on Thirty-fourth street, near Broadway. It will cater to everybody who can pay the prices. — THE MAN ON BROADWAY.

HIGH.

"I trust," she said, patronizingly, "that you are a true artist—that you confine your efforts to an elevated plane."

"Assuredly I do, madam," was the reply. "I am a frescoer, and invariably work with a ladder."

CAREFUL.

MISS CASHLEY—You have dropped your handkerchief on the floor, Mr. Van Dudekin.

VAN DUDEKIN (*preparing to get on his knees*) — I did it with a purpose, dear Miss Cashley — er — Edith, I love you; will you be my wife?

A MEAN TRICK.

SERGEANT—Why didn't you report at eleven o'clock, as I told you? It is after twelve now!

DETECTIVE—Darn it, Sarge, one of the pickpockets I was shadowing stole my watch!

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VAUDEVILLE TOP-LINERS. No. I. MASON MITCHELL.

MASON MITCHELL undoubtedly is one of the biggest vaudeville successes of the year. He has for a long time been known as a manager, actor and journalist. When war was declared against Spain, Mason Mitchell was one of the first to volunteer his services, and he was fortunate enough to have his application as a Rough Rider accepted. He began active service at once and passed through all the preparatory stages at San Antonio and Tampa. He went to Cuba with his regiment and, like the rest of his brave comrades, immediately saw active service.

From a Photograph by Pierce.
MASON MITCHELL, IN ROUGH RIDER'S UNIFORM.

Mason Mitchell was in the memorable charge in which so many brave Rough Riders died. He was one of those who went through that awful pass of death on the first day of hostilities, when the Rough Riders were shot down from ambush and the whole country was thrilled with the story of their magnificent bravery. He was one of the first to be wounded and was sent on a transport to this country, where he lay seriously ill for a long time.

J Austin Fynes, of F. F. Proctor's forces, was one of the first men to recognize Mason Mitchell's value as a drawing card. He made him a magnificent offer to appear at the Proctor houses in the costume of a Rough Rider and give a description of the Rough Riders' charge. The deal was finally consummated and he was a great hit from the start.

A YEAR OF THE BROADWAY MAGAZINE

IN ONE COMPLETE VOLUME....

IN order to accommodate a large number of our readers, who have written regarding a complete file of the BROADWAY MAGAZINE, we beg to announce that we have had bound a limited number of volumes, from May, 1898, to March, 1899, inclusive. This volume, which will be forwarded to any address on receipt of $2.00, contains the most remarkable array of dainty and striking illustrations to be found anywhere. You will find over one thousand pictures that cannot be found in any publication but the BROADWAY MAGAZINE, and taken as a whole, the contents of this bound volume cannot be duplicated. The binding is in strong, durable cloth, with bold, gilt lettering, and presents a handsome appearance. Send two dollars in cash, money order or check to **THE BROADWAY MAGAZINE**, 1123 Broadway, New York City.

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From a painting in oil by
W. H. Funk

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COLOR FROM THE NEW
ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

This is only one of
dozens of beautiful pictorial features.

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Have you seen a copy of the new

Illustrated American Magazine?

THE first issue, March, caught on like wild-fire. It was generally acknowledged to be by far the most strikingly beautiful maga zine of the year. There are a few copies of the March number left at 25 cents a copy

The April ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN MAGAZINE is now ready. It contains beautiful pictures by Wenzell, Stanlaws, King, O'Neill Latham, Wechsler, Starkweather, and a dozen other able artists. Every page is a gem The cover is a work of art and there are four beautiful inserts in color. The stories and general literary matter are of the highest class. If you want the most charming, unique and stunning publication on the market, send 25 cents in stamps or silver to publication office.

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The Illustrated American Magazine,
1123 Broadway, New York City.

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Removes Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Moth Patches, Rash, and Skin diseases, and every blemish on beauty, and defies detection. It has stood the test for 48 years, and is so harmless we taste it to be sure it is properly made. Accept no counterfeit of similar name. Dr. L. A. Sayre said to a lady of the haut ton (a patient): "As you ladies will use them, I recommend 'Gouraud's Cream' as the least harmful of all the Skin preparations." For sale by all Druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers in the U. S., Canada and Europe.

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HE—I offer you my hand and my heart.

SHE—Much obliged. Don't care for the heart, but how big a check can the hand draw.

BROUGHT HOME.

"But could you bring yourself to marry a woman who smoked cigars?" they asked the young man who had insisted that women had a right to smoke if they chose.

"No; I have enough people begging my cigars now."

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A PLAIN SIMPLE DOLL

-ar bill will get you a copy of Volume II. of the BROADWAY MAGAZINE (October, 1898—March, 1899, inclusive).

No wonder she's on the dead run. She knows the bound volumes of the BROADWAY MAGAZINE are going fast.

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seen in the brilliant pictures and rollicking photographs.

jolly jokes, vivifying verse, and witty wit.

the splendid original stories of Broadway life and manners.

the gay but reliable gossip about people you're interested in.

the hull blooming tone of the thing.

that you get about ten times your money's worth; you get all that's a-coming to you and a good deal more, for the BROADWAY MAGAZINE is an infant of high temperature.

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